Polar Opposites

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Polar Opposites

by Lyla_Joy

Summary

“Says the cannibalistic serial killer who knocked me out and is now holding me hostage,” sassed Will.

The Ripper didn’t smile but his eyes crinkled in the corner. “Please call me Hannibal.”

What happens when an escaped convict and a tired profiler meet? Conflicted feelings and a whole ton of sass.

Please give me your honest feedback...

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> This came to me in a daydream and I just had to write it. This was supposed to be dark but it turned into a sort of twisted meet-cute. I have no idea don't ask. You might find it strange how quickly Will just *allows* this to happen but hey. The man is tired. I'm just going to leave it at that.
>
> Anywho, I hope you enjoy Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will knew something was wrong the minute he pulled up at his house and heard no barking.

Stepping out of his car, Will kept his eyes on his home as he shouldered his work bag. Locking the vehicle behind him, Will cursed himself for leaving his gun at the house this morning. He walked his way up the path to his home, eyes flickering around to notice anything out of the ordinary. Once he reached the door, he slowly opened it and walked in, dropping his bag softly on the ground. If there was someone in his house, he'd need to be able to flee, and his pack would only weigh him down.

But first, he needs to know if his dogs are alright.

His first stop was his living room, and he let out a quiet breath of relief when he noticed all his dogs were accounted for and looked reasonably unharmed. Will stepped around them, peeked inside the kitchen, and saw it seems slightly cleaner than when he left this morning. The sound of rushing water reached his ear, and he looked up to the ceiling. Someone was showering in his home.

Biting back a growl, Will walked out the kitchen and picked up his gun that he left by his fishing lure. Chances are he'll be able to shoot whoever decided it was a good idea to break into his house. Maybe they'll get rid of some of the tension he has been feeling. Shaking his head, Will made his way up the stairs, ears following the sound of water. The extra bedroom door was cracked open. He pushed it a bit and stepped around the creaking floorboard. Will decided not to close the door. For now, he might need a way to get out of the room. And jumping out a window is not his idea of fun.

Will heard the shower turn off and waited for the person to emerge. What he was expecting was a teenage runaway who probably assumed that the house was abandoned. Will was not prepared for a middle-aged man to appear stark naked, running a towel through his silver blond hair. The man paused and looked at Will with an unwavering stare. Will stared back and took in the dark brown eyes, seeming an almost reddish color, high cheekbones, and thin

but plush lips. Will tried not to look further down as he cocked his gun. The man eyed the weapon for a second before his gaze lifted back up to Will's face. He seemed..amused?

"There is no need for such a violent reaction," said the strange man. Will blink lightly at the thick accent. The man has a slight lisp, but Will can blame it on the European accent, making the man's words seem almost purred.

Will mentally shook his head as snapped back with, "There is when someone breaks into my house and messes with my dogs."

"I have done nothing to your creatures," the man replied smoothly. He continued wiping off his body as if he wasn't being held at gunpoint. "They are rather loyal but can easily be swayed by a few scratches behind the ear."

Will narrowed his eyes and decided not to comment at the slight jab. "Why are you here?"

The man looked at him as he tied the towel around his waist. "Should you not ask what my name is? Is it only customary for people to share names when first meeting. Unless you already know who I am."

Will took in more of the man's facial features. The way he spoke, held himself, and the self-satisfied smirk on his face put a name to the face reasonably quickly. Will never thought he'll meet the man himself, and Will rather not have. Of course, he heard of him read up on his file when he started working for the FBI. He heard stories about the man from agents that were once on the team and from the man who caught the person in front of Will himself. Will never in his life thought he'll come face to face with The Chesapeake Ripper. But here he is.

"Oh, I know who you are," said Will finally. Thin lips spread into a smile. "But why are you here?"

"I needed a place to refresh for a while," replied The Chesapeake Ripper. "Being dressed in a blood-soaked jumpsuit is not appetizing. I came across your quaint home, and it serves my purpose."

Will raised an eyebrow. "I heard nothing of your escape."

The Chesapeake Ripper nodded solemnly as the news displeased him. And it probably does. "I have accounted for that. My departure was rather spontaneous and will not be reported until the morning. By then, I shall be far from Baltimore."

Will snorted a little and said, "Really now? And how are you going to get there?"

Red eyes brightened, and Will did not like that look. "By you, of course."

Will's eyebrows furrowed. By him? What did he mean? Before Will can ask that question, The Chesapeake Ripper darted forward and quickly knocked the gun out of his hand. Before Will can process the speed the other man possessed, Will was suddenly knocked to the ground. He hissed when his head smacked against the wood. Will squirmed and tried to get out of the stronghold; he was suddenly forced on his stomach, causing him the yelp. Will

knew he should have had more than coffee and a granola bar today. He was as weak as a kitten compared to the man now straddling his back.

“I am sorry that we had to meet like this, Will Graham,” whispered The Ripper in his ear, “But it seems we’ll have to cut this meeting a bit short.”

A strong hand gripped his curls and pulled his head back, and Will had a flash of panic before everything turned black.

There was a pounding in his head, and his throat clicked when he swallowed. Will didn’t remember drinking last night, no matter how much he wanted to. There were buzzing sounds clouding his ears, and Will desperately wished for it to go away. Letting out a groan, Will brought off a hand to rub away the pain but frowned in confusion when his body wasn’t functioning the way he wanted it to.

Will tried not to let out a whine of discontent as he blinked open his eyes. He was sitting up, and if the cold press against his cheek wasn’t a dog, it was a window. He slowly turned his head in the direction and saw the outline of trees passing by. It was dark outside, maybe around ten something. Will blinked a little as the buzzing slowly left his brain, and he realized there was some classical music playing. He hardly ever listened to classical music. And why was he in a car?

“Ah, I see that you’re now awake. How was the nap?” said a confident voice that sounded strangely familiar.

Will rolled the voice around in his head before everything finally caught. Gasping, Will’s eyes flew open, and he turned his head to the driver’s seat. Sitting there was The Ripper in what Will sees as a dark blue sweater of his. It was a bit tight on the broad shoulders, but Will can say that it fits more excellent on him than it did Will. The man pushed that weird thought aside as he looked back up at the face of the man who he realized just kidnapped him.

“Where are we?” Will decided to ask. His tongue felt kind of thick in his mouth, but he ignored it as he pressed on. “What did you do to me?”

“We are currently a couple of miles outside of Virginia,” replied The Ripper.

Will narrowed his eyes lightly. “That answers my first question. What about the second?”

The Ripper glanced over at him with a tilted head before he went back to the road. “Just a mild sedative. The effects should be wearing off soon, but that is fine. I’ll give you more once we arrive.”

Will tried to raise an eyebrow, but it only came out as a twitch of his facial muscles. “Where did you get a mild sedative from? I don’t think I have any lying around my house.”

“I had to make a couple of stops,” said The Ripper before shooting him a smile. “I can’t have you fighting me now can I? It would ruin everything.”

Will rolled his eyes, happy that the medicine will at least allow him to do *that.* “So, what’s your plan? Take me somewhere to wine and dine me before eating me? I have to warn you, I drink a lot of whiskey. I’m not what your palate likes.”

The Ripper’s nose scrunched up in a way Will did *not* find cute. “Rather crude way of speaking.”

“Crude?” Will couldn’t help the laugh that came out. “I think it’s a rather perfect description of you.”

The Ripper didn’t roll his eyes, but it looked damn well close to it. Will takes that as a small victory. “If you must know, I have no interest in eating you. Even if I did, I fear you would be rather what my palate would love to partake in.”

Will didn’t openly gape, but his lips parted just a little. Was The Ripper *flirting?* Will doesn’t know if he should be flatter or disgusted. He’ll settle for the second option. “That is not reassuring.”

“Oh well,” hummed The Ripper. His eyes flickered back over to Will as he said, “There is no need to be dismissive, Mr. Graham. I do not wish you harm.”

“Says the cannibalistic serial killer who knocked me out and is now holding me hostage,” sassed Will.

The Ripper didn’t smile, but his eyes crinkled in the corner. “Please call me Hannibal.”

Will deadpanned as Hannibal ignored the rest of his sentence. Rolling his eyes once again, he turned his face away from the cannibal. “Lucky for you, you don’t have to sedate me again. I’m going to sleep.”

“Our conversation was just starting, Mr. Graham.” Will can hear the laughter in the man’s tone.

“Please call me Will,” said Will repeating the tone Hannibal had. “And I’m going to sleep.”

“No need to be rude, Will.”

“Fuck you and Goodnight.”

Chapter End Notes

That was a fun first chapter, wasn't it? Tell me your thoughts. I love constructive criticism.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I got such a positive review of the first chapter that I just *had* to post the next chapter for you guys. Thank you all that commented, kudos, bookmarked, and subscribed. Keep it!

All mistakes are mine.

Please enjoy chapter two of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next time Will woke up, he had a better sense of where he was.

Will slowly blinked open his eyes and noticed the corner of an oak nightstand. He came to realize he was lying on his side on the way to comfortable bed. Will was tempted to burrow under the covers and fall back to sleep. But then he realized *why* he was lying on the way to cozy bed, and sleep no longer felt like an option.

Will tugged on his left arm that he was lying on and frowned when it didn't budge. Will glanced up the bedpost and then further down to where his wrist was connected to the bed by handcuffs. *Where the fuck did Hannibal get handcuffs?* Letting out an exhale of air, Will turned onto his back, hissing at the twist on his shoulder. Staring up at the ceiling, he contemplated what led him here.

Will has never been the one for adventures or indulging in extravagances. He enjoyed the time he and his dad spent on the open sea, catching fish and ignoring each other until it was time to head out. He didn't have much growing up, and he kept that simple lifestyle way into his adulthood. Food was food. A house was home. Things were things. Simple and easy.

He didn't enjoy change either. It wasn't a foreign concept to him. But after so many years of changing scenery, sticking to a few places as possible was heaven to him. All he needed was his home, regular grocery store, pet store/vet, and classroom. Occasionally Jack's office or the lab. He had a schedule for everything he really did not like when it went off track. Usually, it does when Jack calls him in, but he still finds some way to continue his life. Everything in his life was just the way he wanted it.

Then he fucked up *one day* by forgetting to eat something and looked at where that found him. Laying handcuffed to a nice bed, probably in an expensive ass hotel, under the care of a serial killer who eats people. Just his luck. And by the way...where the fuck is that bastard?

Will used his free hand to prop himself up. Scanning the bedroom, he saw he was right. He was in an expensive ass hotel if the fireplace in the master bedroom had anything to say about it. Who the hell puts a fireplace in a bedroom? His head turned to the sound of the door

and watched Hannibal come in carrying a tray on his arm. He saw a stack of pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, and a cup of what Will hope is coffee. Will tries his best not to look interested, but his stomach betrayed him by gurgling loudly.

Hannibal grinned at the noise, causing Will to scowl.

“Should I even ask where we are?” questioned Will.

Hannibal hummed as he sat on the side of the bed. “You can. But I will not give you a straight answer. The less you know, the better.”

Will nodded. He eyed the plate of food semi-warily, especially the bacon. “Who are you serving me today?”

“I have not had the chance to obtain the appropriate meat,” sighed Hannibal almost sadly. Will was very tempted to kick his foot out to cause the breakfast to drop on the cannibal’s slacks.

“Good,” is what he says instead. “I’m not really in the mood for long pig.”

Hannibal sent him a smile, and Will rolled his eyes. Tugging at the handcuffs, he looked at Hannibal. “So how are we going to do this? Are you going to uncuff me or feed me?”

“I was going to uncuff you, but I rather like the second option that you offered,” smiled Hannibal.

“I didn’t offer anything,” scowled Will. “Just uncuff me.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “Will you run away?”

“Will I even get far enough to run away?” retorted Will. His only answer was a smile. “I thought so. Uncuff me.”

Hannibal didn’t so much as huff in displeasure, but he made a show of it by dramatically placing the tray on Will’s lap. Will gave him a deadpanned look and waited patiently for Hannibal to take the key off his neck and unlock the handcuffs. Will gave him a small “thank you” as he rubbed his wrist. He wasn’t sure what he was thanking the killer for, but it apparently pleased Hannibal. Will tried not to roll his eyes as he started cutting into his pancakes.

Placing the fluffy morsels in his mouth, Will couldn’t stop the small thrill of joy that erupted from his mouth. He has read interviews from old friends of Hannibal’s about his cooking skills. He didn’t think much of it. Thought it was just people trying to stay on the killer’s good side, but he now saw that his diagnosis was far from the truth.

“I am immensely overjoyed that you love my cooking,” preened Hannibal, who has yet to get off the bed.

Will tried to shoot him a glare, but it was weak, and they both knew it. Swallowing what was in his mouth Will picked up the cup, which was coffee. Thank god for small miracles. “Don’t

kid yourself. I just haven't had a decent breakfast in a while."

Hannibal's nose scrunched up again, and the word *adorable* flashed across Will's mind. "That is quite terrible. I have seen the content of your fridge and cabinets, and they are dreadful. How you are still alive is beyond me."

That explains why his kitchen was so fucking clean. Will stored that away for later as he said, "Coffee."

Hannibal hummed. "I can tell. I will need to expand your palate if you shall be traveling with me. No accomplice of mines will lack in culinary taste."

"Still a no-go for eating me then?"

"I have said once before I have no interest in eating you. Though I imagine you taste rather delicious."

And there goes that odd flirting again. Will shook his head lightly as he said, "Now who's culinary taste is lacking?"

Hannibal didn't reply but looked at him in a way that made Will squirm. Will looked down at his almost empty plate to avoid eye contact and stuffed a piece of bacon in his mouth. Licking the grease off his lip, he fell Hannibal's stare on his lips. It didn't make him feel self-conscious, but it did feel *weird.*

"I take it you don't indulge yourself in the finery of life," said Hannibal, startling Will.

Will looked up at him but stared over his shoulder as he raised an eyebrow. "And what makes you say that?"

"Your home, for example," hummed Hannibal. "It seemed like your style. Rustic and charming, but it lacked something that screams you. And the way you reacted to my food. You stick to the basics and norms to make your way through life. You hate when something changes. This, for example."

Will tensed a little. Hannibal might not have said *much,* but yet he said a bit *too much.* How can Will forget that this man was once a psychologist. "Are you psychoanalyzing me, Doctor? You wouldn't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed," growled Will. His grip on his knife tightened unconsciously. He looked away from the wall to look into Hannibal's eyes which were turned a familiar shade of red. Blood.

Hannibal tilted his head mutely to the left. "I apologize if I made you uncomfortable, Will. I can not turn it off even after all these years. I fear you share a similar problem."

It was Will's turn to tilt his head. "I am not sure what you mean, Hannibal."

Hannibal's smile wasn't cruel, but it wasn't exactly comforting. "I think you know what I mean, Will, but I shall leave it for your sake. For now."

For now. Will swallowed but nodded. Will decided to answer his question since Hannibal let the subject drop, letting his grip on his knife loose. It was only fair. “You are correct about me not indulging. Especially in food. I eat what I can get my hands on.”

Hannibal hummed and didn’t push, which Will is glad for. He isn’t ready to talk about his backstory with an escaped serial killer. “That is a pity, but I can understand. Eating is one of my most favorite indulgences.”

Will snorted and murmured, “Of course it is. Would only want the best right?”

Hannibal’s lips quirked into a small smile. “You are correct. It is not easy choosing the best meat, but when I do, I turn it into something majestic.”

“Food is food. Not a unicorn,” said Will. He paused when he just called people *food.*

Hannibal’s smile widened a bit more at his statement. “Why yes, you are correct. But I have always been careful about what I put in my body.”

Will hummed. “I know. So tell me, Mr. Cannibal. How *did* you pick out the best meat?” Will can not seriously believe he is having this conversation.

“Research front and foremost. I would not want tainted meat to grace my dinner table,” started Hannibal. “But sometimes a hands-on research is needed.”

“So you’re a hands-on type of guy,” joked Will.

Hannibal nodded slightly. “Indeed.” He then turned his eyes to look at Will. “But there is nothing wrong with looking a little. It helps me see certain *assets* of people. Help me visualize how they would look on my dinner table.” He licked his bottom lip with a slight grin. “Before I sink my teeth in for a little taste.”

Will swallowed. He got the feeling that they are no longer talking about eating people for food. Will doesn’t know if he should be grateful or not. Shifting, he closed his legs, trying to ignore the small pool of heat at the bottom of his stomach. Biting his lip, he nodded. “Good...uh yeah good. Thanks for answering my question.”

Hannibal’s eyes crinkled in the corner as he picked up the tray. “You are quite welcome, dear Will. Now, if you excuse me, I have some things to settle. Stay put.”

It wasn’t an external command since Hannibal’s tone was still joyful, but Will felt himself nod. Hannibal looked pleased as he turned on the heel and walked out of the bedroom before closing the door. Now that there was a barrier between them, Will let out a sudden rush of air he wasn’t aware he was holding.

What the fuck is happening.

Chapter End Notes

That's was a neat little chapter I'll say. Tell me your thoughts. I love constructive criticism.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Because I love you guys all so much, I made a longer chapter. It sort of went in the direction that I wanted but it also didn't. But don't worry it's still understandable.
>
> All mistakes are mines.
>
> Please enjoy chapter three of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The few days of his “capture” went by smoothly. Better than what Will expected.

Every morning Hannibal would come in and bring him breakfast with coffee. Will has to convince the cannibal to uncuff him from the bed so he can eat. No matter how cute Hannibal looks, pouting Will does not allow him to feed him. He’s a grown man; for fucks sake, he can feed himself. Once breakfast was over, Will would stay in bed and twiddle his thumbs before deciding to get up and venture out to the living room.

Will tried his best not to be impressed with the hotel room, but he couldn’t help it when his eyes glazed over in awe. He made sure to ignore the knowing looks Hannibal will throw at him. Will mostly stayed on the couch and had the tv turned on a fishing channel and turned up loud just out of spite. He might be getting a little too comfortable, but he is still pissed that he was kidnapped. He smiled smugly every time Hannibal shot him a look from where he was on the phone. Will is not sure who the serial killer could be talking to, but he kept silent for now.

Lunch was a simple affair, and Will ate his in front of the tv, turned down because by then Hannibal would get tired of listening to the catch of the day. From then on, Will would read a book that Hannibal somehow got a hold of. When dinner rolled around, Hannibal made Will sit down at the table with him because it’s “proper to sit at the dinner table when one is amongst friends.” Hannibal’s words, not his. And they’re not *friends*, no matter what the cannibal thinks.

Then he’ll wake up once again handcuffed to the bed. Will is sure Hannibal spikes his wine during dinner, but he’s not going to call him out for it. Then the cycle repeats.

On the seventh day of his kidnapping, Will knew something changed when he woke up not handcuffed to the bed.

Will blinked and brought his wrist up to his face to make sure he’s not losing his mind. But no. Will blinked again, bewildered. Will then felt the weight behind him that was never there before when he woke up. Turning his head, he could only gape when he came face to face

with his kidnapper because, *of course*, Hannibal would sleep in the same bed as him. But it still makes no sense.

Why would he not handcuff Will and sleep in the same bed as him? Will could easily strangle the serial killer in his sleep and leave. Will bounced the idea around his mind, but he didn't feel right. It made him sick. Did Hannibal do this cause he forgot? No, that couldn't be it. Will knows from interviews and research that Hannibal Lecter never *forgets* to do anything. Everything is intentional. Hannibal played games because he was curious.

Is this what this is? A game? Did Hannibal leave him uncuff because he was curious as to what Will would do? Did he *trust* Will?

Instead of going through an emotional and mental rollercoaster those questions have made, Will decided to turn over to study his capturer.

Will can admit, to himself, that Hannibal Lecter is a gorgeous man. Anyone can see that. The light streaming through the curtain caused a glow on ashy blond hair making the few gray hairs shine like a silver beam. Will wonders if the man's hair is as soft as it looks. The way it's slightly mussed and sprinkled over his forehead makes him look younger, innocent, which he is far from.

Will trailed his eyes over his cheekbones which looked like they could cut diamonds. His genes are fantastic. Will is almost jealous. Being this close to the man, Will can see his nose is slightly crooked, but it makes him look more masculine. If that is even possible. Will looked beyond the nose and down to Hannibal's lips. The top one was a little plumper, while the bottom one was poutier. Will lets himself wonder how they feel pressed against his own. Would Hannibal taste like fine wine or something darker like copper from the amounts of meat he consumes?

Blue eyes trailed down to look at the bare forearm that was peeking out the covers. Will knew Hannibal had to be strong, got to be when loading whole bodies into one's car. But he never took the chance to study the killer's physical features. He could see the muscle bulging out of his arm; light outlines out veins peeking through. Will wouldn't be surprised if Hannibal would be the type of man to go to the gym.

Will's brain finally caught up to the fact that Hannibal's arm was bare, meaning he had no shirt on. Will felt himself short circuit. *Oh god.* Will realized that he was in bed with a serial killer who may or may not be naked.

Will's hand clenched onto the covers. He didn't want to look, but he needed to know. Bracing himself, Will slowly lifted the covers and looked in them before letting out a silent breath of relief when he saw Hannibal was wearing pajama pants. Thank god, or this kidnapping would be even more weird. Will lifted his eyes away from the *very obvious* tent in the older man's pants. Well, now Will knows one reason why Hannibal's ego is so big.

"See something you like, dear Will?"

Will flew out of the covers with a yelp of surprise. Feeling mortified that he got caught checking out the cannibal, Will tried to get out of the bed but ended up getting tangled in the

covers. He was sure he was going to fall off the bed before a strong hand grabbed him around his wrist and pulled him back on the bed into a muscular chest. Will flushed when the chest below him vibrated with a chuckle, and he pushed against it, a bit shocked to find hair there before looking into amused brown eyes.

“Good morning Will,” smiled Hannibal.

Will coughed into his fist and scooted back a little. “Morning, Hannibal.” He tried to ignore the weight of the other man’s hand on his hip. “How did you uh how did you sleep?”

Hannibal’s eyes crinkled in the corner. “I slept wonderfully. How about yourself?”

“Good. I slept good,” mumbled Will licking his lips.

“That’s marvelous to hear,” replied Hannibal.

Will nodded as he purposely avoided eye contact with the older man. Will isn’t sure what he’s supposed to do in this situation. It’s not every day he wakes up next to someone, so he’s a bit out of his element here. Clearing his throat, he decided to ask, “So...what are you doing here?”

“Sleeping, of course. That is one of the many activities done in a bedroom. Unless you are unaware of that,” said Hannibal snidely.

Will resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Now, *this* he can handle. “I am aware of that. Just why are you in *here?* I am sure there is another bedroom.”

Hannibal hummed and nodded. “There is. But the bed in there is not as comfortable on the back as this one.”

“Bullshit,” hissed Will. Hannibal just smiled at him, and Will really wanted to punch him in his perfect face. “Why are you really in here? And why didn’t you handcuff me like you do every night?”

“Would you like me to handcuff you to the bedpost, dear Will?” asked Hannibal sliding past the first question. “I wasn’t informed about your attraction to bondage. We could explore that side of you if you so please.”

Will glared at the smug cannibal. He couldn’t ignore that curl of his gut at Hannibal’s words, but he sure in hell will try. “I don’t want to explore anything with you. Now answer my damn questions.”

Hannibal sighed dramatically. “If you must truly know, I was rather curious on what you would do if you woke up set free. I will say, I was surprised when instead of running you decided to stay and observe me. I do not mind the ogling if that is what is bothering you.”

“I wasn’t ogling you,” said Will defensively. He wasn’t ogling. He was “Studying. I was studying you.” The raised eyebrow was enough for Will to know that Hannibal knows he’s lying. Hoping to get away from that embarrassing conversation, Will asked, “Will you now tell me something?”

Hannibal tilted his head. “What would you like to know?”

“Just where we are.” Will wasn’t able to spot anything with the hotel logo on it, and it frustrated him.

Hannibal looked like he was contemplating whether or not he should tell Will before he said, “We are currently at the Emeline hotel in South Carolina. But we will be leaving quite soon.”

“Is that why you were on the phone all week?” questioned Will curiously.

Hannibal nodded. “Indeed. I needed to get the last-minute details settled for our departure.”

Will pursed his lips a little. “So you’re not leaving me here?”

Hannibal looked at him with Will can only describe as fondly. And doesn’t that make him feel all giddy. “Of course not. You are much too interesting to let go.”

Will snorted and said, “Thanks, I guess.” Since Hannibal answered that burning question, Will hopes he’ll answer the others that have been brewing. “So how are we able to stay here? Wouldn’t everyone recognize your face?”

Hannibal’s answering smile is mischievous. “Fear and money go a long way, Will.”

Will nodded. If he was the hotel’s staff, he would stay silent if a cannibal offered him money. Seems like the easiest way out. “How about Jack? He’ll be looking for you.” Will frowned a little. “He should also notice that I’m gone by now, shouldn’t he? What did you do with my phone? Are my dogs okay?”

Everything that he pushed to the side slowly began to rise again. How could he forget about his pack? He didn’t feed them when he got home like he usually does. They must be starving. And Jack. Jack must notice by now that he wasn’t answering his phone. And his students, they were just learning a new concept. Now they wouldn’t get the proper education to pass.

Will didn’t realize he was hyperventilating until he felt himself being pulled into a tight embrace. Will’s fingers curled into fists on Hannibal’s chest as one of Hannibal’s hands laid on the back of his neck, grounding him.

“Follow my breathing Will,” rumbled Hannibal. “In and out. There we go.”

Will followed the pattern of Hannbail’s chest rising and falling before he felt somewhat in control of his body. Swallowing, he whispered, “Sorry. Panic attack.”

“It’s quite alright, Will,” muttered Hannibal into Will’s hair. “I was expecting this to happen soon. Everything finally caught up, didn’t it? Would you like me to explain some of your questions?” When Will nodded, Hannibal’s lips curled into a small smile. “Good. Don’t you worry about Uncle Jack; I know how to take care of him. As for your dogs, I left them plenty of food out to sustain them for a couple of days. They are smart canines. They know what to do in your absence. I had left your phone behind, but by now, Jack should know that you are missing. And by a note I left, he is sure that you are with me.”

“Why would you do that?” mumbled Will.

“Do what, dear Will?” asked Hannibal.

Will pulled back so he could look at Hannibal. “Why would you do that for my dogs? Why leave a note for Jack? Am I just bait so you can get to him?” Will couldn’t help the feeling of *hurt* that pang his chest at the thought.

Hannibal looked down at the younger man and said, “You are not bait, Will, and don’t ever think that. I would not lower you down to that status just to toy with Jack. I left the note because I rather they know that I took you than you being dead. As for your dogs,” Hannibal paused and brushed a curl out of Will’s face, “I know how much they mean to you. They’re your family, and I would never harm them.”

Will stared into Hannibal’s eyes and can tell, even without his empathy, that Hannibal was sincere. Will smiled and nodded his head a little. “Thank you. How do you know that?”

Hannibal smiled back and said, “You shall know in due time. For now, we must get up and get dressed. We have to meet Chiyoh in a couple of hours.” With that, Hannibal sat up but not before placing a chaste kiss on Will’s head. He swung his leg off the bed and made his way out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

Will laid in bed with a flush face at the kiss. He had more questions forming. How did Hannibal know so much about him? Why did Hannibal console him when the man is known to be a sadist? Why did he kiss him? And who the fuck is Chiyoh?

Shaking his head, Will climbed out of bed and walked out the bedroom seeing Hannibal Lecter in a new light.

Chapter End Notes

This was a cute little chapter, more moments like this are to come. Tell me your thoughts. I love constructive criticism.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Oh god, I hope people are still invested in this story-

What's up, peeps! Sorry I didn't post yesterday. I already had the chapter read but then I got my vaccine shot and my arm was in so much pain I couldn't even lift it. So I had to wait until today sadly. But it's here! Thank you guys so much for the lovely comments and the kudos and just everything. Mwah!

All mistakes are mines.

Please enjoy chapter four of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chiyoh apparently is an Asian woman who looks too badass to be a simple pawn in Hannibal's games.

Will squinted as the harsh morning light assaulted his eyes. Will is sure that Hannibal has *yet again* drugged him. He really needs to speak to the cannibal about that. He would like to be alert during his kidnapping. *Thank you very much.*

Will leaned against the door as he stretched his legs. Scanning the airstrip, he noticed that it was pretty empty, Will wouldn't be surprised if it was a private airstrip. Will watched as Hannibal talked to Chiyoh, who kept glancing at him before speaking back to Hannibal. Hannibal walked over with a smile on his face, and Will raised his eyebrow.

"What are you so giddy about?" questioned Will.

"Nothing that you should worry about. How are you feeling?" responded Hanibal.

Will kicked his leg out a little and felt some of the stiffness retreat. "Not bad. Just a slight twinge at the back of my head, but I'm sure it will disappear. But I seriously need to talk to you about drugging me." He gave Hannibal a look.

Hannibal's smile widened a bit more where Will can see the outline of the cannibal's sharp teeth. "All in due time, dear Will."

Will rolled his eyes. "You keep saying that. How long do you plan on keeping me anyway?"

"I have already told you-"

“Yeah yeah yeah, you’re not going to eat me,” interrupted Will. He flashed Hannibal a smile when the cannibal gave him an annoyed look. “But I can’t be that interesting for you to keep around.”

The annoyance left Hannibal’s face just as quickly as it came. It was soon replaced by a soft look that Will had to look away from. “You sell yourself short, dear Will,” said Hannibal. “You are a rather fine specimen, and I would love to keep you around.”

Will snorted and said, “I’m not a pet, Hannibal.”

“No, you are not. You are much more,” replied Hannibal softly.

Will turned his eyes to Hannibal’s and made eye contact. Hannibal’s eyes, a honey color in the morning light, were shining with something Will couldn’t put his finger on. Will looked down to stare at the top button of Hannibal’s shirt. Swallowing thick, he said, hoping to get rid of the weird atmosphere, “I’m surprised that you didn’t give me a heavier dose.”

Hannibal tilted his head to the right. “Why is that?”

Will shrugged a little. “I don’t know. So you can carry me or something. Seems like your type of thing.”

Hannibal’s eyes light up with mirth as he said, “If you wanted me to hold you, you could have just said so, dear Will.”

Will’s eyes widened as Hannibal slowly advanced on him. He cursed himself for standing against the car as he lifted his hands up. “Hannibal, I was just playing. Don’t you dare- *Hannibal!*”

Will yelped when his feet suddenly swung from the ground. Will clasped his hands around Hannibal’s neck to steady himself as the cannibal picked him. Will glared at Hannibal with a flushed face. “I was just playing, you asshole.”

Hannibal hummed with a smile. “Sure, Will.”

“I really was.”

“Uh-huh,” muttered Hannibal as he carried Will to the plane.

Will just huffed and turned his head away from Hannibal as he looked as the plane came closer. It was larger than Will thought. There were no company names on the side, only three yellow, green, and red stripes. Did Hannibal possibly own this plane? Will wouldn’t be surprised if he did. Will read that the man was a Count, meaning he inherited money from his father and possibly from his mother as well.

On top of that, he was a former surgeon and a psychiatrist. Will wouldn’t be even surprised the man had a couple of offshore accounts. If he did, that means none of them are frozen over, meaning he can get away with this kidnapping and breaking out.

How the FBI did not plan for this, Will will never know.

Once he was carried across the threshold, Will squirmed and said, “You can let me down now.”

“I rather like having you in my arms,” responded Hannibal.

“And I rather like having solid ground under me. Let me go, Hannibal.”

Hannibal didn’t exactly pout in displeasure, but Will could see it in the way he narrowed his eyes. Will rolled his eyes at the man and waited to be put down. He feels like such a child right now, and it isn’t a pleasant sensation- “Did you just smell me?” Will’s thought process failed when he felt Hannibal take a rather unnecessary deep breath.

“Difficult to avoid,” said Hannibal pleasantly as he sat Will in a chair.

Will deadpanned when Hannibal sat him in the chair but was glad the man didn’t buckle him up. That would have been embarrassing. “Sure. And what do I smell like? Motor oil and dog hair?”

Hannibal hummed as he took the seat, *thankfully*, across from Will. “You have an undercurrent of dog hair, but your natural scent is more of cherry blossoms drizzled with rain after a violent storm. Beautiful and dangerous all wrapped into one wonderful present.”

Will blinked as a slight flush appeared on his skin. He is lost for words. “Oh um…”

Hannibal’s beamed as he said, “No need to thank me, dear Will.”

Will scowled, but the pink of his cheeks didn’t give him the desired effects of being menacing. “I wasn’t going to thank you. I was just..shocked, to say the least. Not many people have described my scent or myself as beautiful and dangerous.”

“That is quite the shame,” said Hannibal. “You are a rather beautiful man.”

Will nibbled on his bottom lip as he mumbled, “I’m handsome, not beautiful. Women are only beautiful.”

Hannibal let out a slight sound of irritation. “I do not care much for gender labels. Men can be just as beautiful as women, and you are the definition of that, my dear Will. From your curls, to your eyes, to your succulent lips, every inch of you is Renaissance painting come to life. One that I desperately wish to draw. Do not let anyone, even yourself, tell you anything different, understand?”

Will didn’t miss the possessiveness in the way Hannibal said, “my dear Will.” And he can accept the sharp feeling of pleasure that spiked through him. Will didn’t know what to say to Hannibal to actually thank him for the kind words. Will didn’t even think the man saw him as such, and it was a rather refreshing change. Everyone always called Will handsome or charming in a weird way, but no one ever called him *beautiful.* Will knows that Hannibal is telling the truth from the waves of sincerity and anger rolling off the older man. Anger that is directed to others Hannibal may or may not meet.

Licking his lips, Will turned his eyes to Hannibal as he nodded. “I understand. Thank you, Hannibal. I think I might have needed that.”

Hannibal smiled at him. “It is my pleasure.”

Will smiled back just as a woman’s voice, Chiyoh, announced their take-off. Settling back, Will allowed his mind to drift.

Will blinked open his eyes when he felt himself being shaken. The remains of his dream still cling to his eyelids. He was in a forest, laying back on the cold leaves before something blocked the sun. Opening his eyes, standing before him was a large black stag peering down at him curiously. It then flopped down next to Will and allowed him to run his fingers through its feathers. Will never felt as content before, then having a beast sitting next to him, watching over him.

Will looked to his right to see Hannibal crouching down next to his curled-up form. “I am giving you a choice. Would you rather I drug you or blindfold you?”

Will raised an eyebrow. “I’m given a choice now? How kind of you.” Hannibal gave him a look causing him to smile. “I’d rather be blindfolded.”

Hannibal nodded, pulled out a piece of fabric from his pocket, and tied it securely around Will’s eyes. Will nose twitch a little as his other sensory senses become hyper-aware. A hand cradled through his curls, and Hannibal said softly, “Do not say a word until I say so.”

Will nodded as he tried not to whine when Hannibal’s presence left his side. Will uncurled and sat up straightener as his fingers tapped a pattern on his thigh. His ears listened for anything that’ll let him know what is happening around him. The plane lurched to a stop, and Will sat silently and waited.

Hannibal came over and pulled him out of his seat by his hand. Will trusted that Hannibal would guide him out of the airplane and to wherever they were going.

Once they exited the plane, Will took a deep breath and smelled saltwater, meaning they were somewhere near the ocean. An island if Will had to guess based on the strong smell. The wind was humid, and it had to be around twelve something conserving some of the light peeking through the blindfold. Will heard a car door open as he was directed inside. His hand clasped onto the roof of the car as he guided himself in and sat down before the door closed behind him.

Two more doors opened, one upfront and one of his left. The presence beside him laid a hand on his thigh, Hannibal. “It will take us a while to arrive. Take a nap, Will.”

Will frowned a little before nodding as he twisted his body to get comfortable. The hand on his thigh never left.

Will woke up when the blindfold was taken off.

Will blinked open his eyes with a yawn as he slowly got out of the car. Will looked around as he took in his new surroundings. Everything was surrounded by trees which Will was sort of grateful for. His eyes turned to the house, and he couldn't stop the widening of his eyes. It was a cabin of sorts, but it was two stories. Will noticed Hannibal surveying the area before he looked at Will and tilted his head towards the house. Will nodded as he followed the cannibal to the cabin, his eyes taking in all the details.

"We are in Cuba," started Hannibal. "But we shall not be staying here long. Chiyoh is setting up other homes we shall be visiting. I am sure you know how people act on the run." Will nodded. "Good. Until the investigation of my breakout is no longer major, we will not be staying in place longer than a couple of weeks. You may speak."

Will cleared his throat and said, "When we settle down, I want a dog. No if, and, or buts."

Hannibal looked at him with a raised eyebrow with a smile. "I think that can be arranged."

Will grinned. "Nice. What's for lunch?"

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed that chatper. Tell me your thoughts.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Look at me updating again. I love all of you so much! Just an update, I'm planning on about ten chapters total. Cause I do plan on doing a sequel, I already have it planned (Whoa!). Each chapter, probably they will be in a different country. So to not rise any confusion I'll say this again in the next chapter.
>
> All mistakes are mine.
>
> Please enjoy chapter five of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"If this kidnapping is going to work, I demand waffles for breakfast."

Will crossed his arms over his chest as he stared down the cannibal on the other side of the kitchen island. This was his third morning at the cabin in Cuba. He has discovered that the house was in Cuba's forest. Will isn't sure how Hannibal built a place in the woods, but Will will not complain about the solitude. During his stay, Will explored the house and spent most of his time in the library. If he wasn't there, he was annoying the hell out of Hannibal. It's not Will's fault that Hannibal decides to keep him around. And Will is still not happy about getting kidnapped.

Payback's a bitch.

Hannibal lightly sighed as he laid down the spatula in his hand. "Will, I have already prepared breakfast. It is far too late to accept requests."

Will narrowed his eyes and said, "I do not care for crepes or whatever these are fucking called. I want waffles."

"Coconut crepes with maple ricotta and strawberries," repeated Hannibal from when he first said it. "And watch your tongue, Will. I will not encourage profanity in my presence."

Will rolled his eyes as he waved his hand around. "Fine, whatever. But I still want waffles."

Hannibal tilted his head and pursed his lips. "I can make you waffles tomorrow. Will that satisfy you?"

"I want them today, but I suppose that works," huffed Will.

Hannibal smiled and handed back the breakfast plate to Will. Will glared at him before taking the plate with a nod of thanks as he sat down at the island and began eating. Halfway

through, he decided to ask, "Will you ever tell me our destination before we arrive?"

Hannibal looked up from his plate and regarded him with unblinking eyes. "I suppose I can, but where is the fun in that?"

"I would rather be aware than surprised," pointed out Will. "I'm not too fond of surprises."

"I shall keep that in mind for later use," smiled Hannibal. "But now I have a question for you."

Will raised an eyebrow as he popped a strawberry in his mouth. "Shoot," he mumbled.

Hannibal sat down his utensils before clasping his fingers together. "How do you do what you are known for?"

Will paused with a piece of crepe away towards his mouth. Will placed his fork back down as he stared at his plate. Will was hoping that Hannibal would hold off in this particular conversation, but Will guess it's been long enough. Hannibal has graciously answered all of Will's questions, even some of the answers were compendious. But that doesn't mean he couldn't play dense.

Picking his fork back up, even though his appetite was leaving him, Will said, "I don't know what you mean."

"You are not simple-minded Will. You are cognizant of what I am referring to," replied Hannibal.

Will swallowed and licked his lips. "I don't do what I do. It just...happens."

Hannibal tilted his head. "How so?"

"I have an overactive imagination, is all," said Will, staring down at his plate. "It allows me to step inside others' shoes to see what they see, *feel* how they feel. Sometimes it's a conscious act. Others not so much. To put it simply, I can empathize with people."

"People or murders?"

Will looked up at Hannibal and tilted his head as well. "Not all murders are psychopaths, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "You empathize with psychopaths then."

Will hummed with a nod. "That is a way to put it. I can see what they did, how they felt when they committed their acts. It is quite easy to read, but it takes time."

Hannibal nodded and said, "Pure empathy. A rare but powerful thing."

Will snorted as he picked up his coffee. It was getting cold. "I wouldn't call it powerful."

"What would you call it, Will?" asked Hannibal curiously.

Will sipped his coffee before putting it down. Licking the coffee off his lips, he said, "A nuisance."

"Why?"

Will tapped his finger along his cup. "My empathy gets in the way of my life. It's difficult meeting people who don't immediately recoil when I say something not so savory. People call it offensive. I say it involuntarily. It's not my fault people tend to wear their hearts on their sleeves."

Hannibal hummed before asking, "Is it difficult forming relationships?"

Will nodded. "Very much so. It tends to be hard connecting with people. Either they don't understand me or refuse to even try. The few "friends" that I do have see me as a man on the brink of insanity. Someone they want to save but at the same time use." He looked up to gauge Hannibal's reaction.

Hannibal's eyes were lit with fire, something Will can pinpoint quite quickly. He has seen it in other killers' eyes—*murderous rage.* A pleasant shiver went down his spine when he noticed it wasn't directed at him. Hannibal's lips were downturn in a frown. Will honestly wanted to smooth out. A frown should not mark Hannibal's handsome face.

"And romantic wise?" questioned Hannibal, voice tense with anger.

Will nibbled on his lip before saying, "My empathy goes haywire. In the fits of passion, their feelings become overbearing. It's easy to tell if they are truly into me, and more of the time, they're not. I learned over years that the less human contact I have, the easier it is to control my empathy."

Hannibal nodded as he leaned back in his seat. "I take it as the reason for the dogs. Animals are not only comfortable, but they do not hide their affections for their masters. Sometimes they are harder to read, making you feel at peace."

"Yeah," mumbled Will.

Hannibal tilted his head to the side. It looks like he wanted to say more, but he stood up and took the dishes. "I think that's enough for now. Why don't you rest? You look weary."

Will nodded and pushed back from the island, and made his way out of the kitchen. Will realized that he just had an improv therapy session with a world-renowned psychiatrist. But it didn't feel patronizing like the other psychiatrists. Hannibal was trying to pick his brain, all of them do, but he took a more careful approach. Will could approach that at least. Smiling to himself, Will headed to the library.

Lunch and dinner passed by without Hannibal bringing up their session, which Will was grateful for. Buy yet oddly disappointed. Instead, Hannibal engaged him in conversations about his hobbies with Will. Hannibal asked him the tactic of making fishing lures, and Will

happily launched into how he picks the perfect lines, hooks, feathers, and et cetera. It was one of the most entertaining conversations in a while.

Everyone always had feelings fluttering around him when talking to Will. They are cautious, hoping not to bring up anything to scare him off. They were afraid sometimes, all thanks to Freddie Lounds. His favorite one was the "professional curiosity" that everyone tends to have. Many were not happy to talk to Will. But Hannibal, on the other hand, was refreshing. He still had the professional curiosity air around him but yet he had some other streaming from him. The way Hannibal kept his eyes on him and asked questions letting Will know he was actually invested in what he had to say. Not those glaze looks his students give. Hannibal seemed to always have a slight smile curled on the corner of his lips. Will can tell if he is amused or happy from which corner lifts up. Left for happy, right for amused. The left side lifts up more often than not. Of course, Hannibal still kept things wrapped up, making it slightly harder for Will to read him, but he loves it. It makes him want to crawl in Hannibal to see what makes him *tick*.

Hannibal lets him see what he wants Will to see. And it's marvelous.

Once he was getting ready for bed, Will paused at the foot of the bed. He has done this the past couple of days before shaking the odd feeling off and climbing in bed. But it stayed there until exhaustion finally won, and he drifted off. Once he woke up, it would be ten times worse before fading when he walked into the kitchen to see Hannibal making breakfast, the left side of his lips curved upwards.

Will bit his lip. Will might be able to tell others' feelings, but he has yet to master his own. A knock on the door pulls him out of his thoughts. Turning to open it, he put a smile on his face to cover his confusion. It didn't work well since Hannibal tilted his head.

"Is something the matter, Will?" questioned Hannibal.

Will shook his head. "No, everything's fine." Hannibal didn't look like he believed him, and Will let out a short laugh. "I'm fine, I promise. Despite the situation."

Hannibal let out a small huff, and the right side of his mouth curled up. "If you are sure. Let me know if you need anything. Have a goodnight, Will."

"You too, Hannibal," he replied. He gave a short wave before shutting the door leaning his head against it.

Taking a deep breath, he let it out, feeling pressure behind his eyes. Was he going to cry? Why was he crying? The pain his chest hammered against his heart, causing him to gasp. He backed away from the door and opened it peeking into the hallway. "Hannibal?" he called out.

Hannibal turned around from where he was heading in the direction of the study. Will knows he tends to go there after Will closed his bedroom door. Will also knows he tends to leave the house when he thinks Will is asleep. The next day, the fridge is full of new meat. Will isn't going to complain, but he is still slightly revolted when the "meat" is in front of him. The

known source of it disappears when he places the first piece in his mouth. Hannibal is literally a god with food.

"What is it, dear Will?"

Will blinked out of his thoughts. Looking back at the cannibal, he felt his throat close up. Was he seriously going to ask this? Clearing his throat, he asked timidly, "Could you please sleep next to me? No touching, though!"

The right side of Hannibal's mouth curved up as he nodded. "I'll be right there."

Will nodded and quickly retreated to his bed, leaving the door partially open. Laying in the covers, Will cuddled into the pillow pulling the silk covers up to his ears. He was slowly drifting off when the door quietly shut and the weight of someone climbing in bed appeared. Will let out a yawn as he mumbled, "Goodnight again, Hannibal."

"Sweet dreams, my dear Will," rumbled Hannibal.

Will had a smile on his face as he slowly drifted off. What he failed to notice was the smile of a predator and red eyes gleaming with pleasure.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter did like a whole 180 but it was interesting. I would love to hear, well-read, your thoughts and critiques.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> Okay sooo, each chapter will be in a different country. Each major scene is just something that happened to push them closer together. Well, push Will closer to Hannibal because our guy is a smitten cannibal already. Thank you thank you thank you for the wonderful comments, the kudos, just everything. I'm not sure how frequently I can update this fic now since school is started back up again for me but I'm going to try!
>
> All mistakes are mines.
>
> Please enjoy chapter six of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of their stay in Cuba was rather fun.

After that night of conflicting feelings, Will told Hannibal why he wanted Hannibal to sleep next to him the following day. Instead of shunning him, Hannibal just pulled him a hug and told him anything Will needs of him, ask. Will hug the cannibal back and ask if it would be okay if Hannibal stayed in bed with him until he drifted off during the rest of their "vacation." Hannibal laughed lightly at the choice of words but agreed. Then he handed Will a plate of crispy, buttery waffles.

Will began annoying the less out of Hannibal, only using it when he wanted something specific. Yes, he knows he's a bit of a brat at times. Will started to begin feeling safe in the man's presence. It's not the best idea since Hannibal is a cannibalistic serial killer, but it's better to be on his good side than bad. Hannibal says he won't eat him, but from past research, Will knows that if Hannibal gets tired of him, Will might turn into some fancy french dish.

During the rest of the weeks, Will was able to convince Hannibal to stop drugging him. The only way this "thing" that is going on between them will work is if Hannibal trusts him enough not to run away. Even if he wanted to, Will doesn't know how far he can part from the cannibal until the pain in his chest becomes unbearable. Plus, Hannibal was a hunter at heart, Will wouldn't make it out of the country before Hannibal finds him.

Hannibal told them after their third week; they were going to the United Kingdom. Will isn't sure how many countries they are moving to, but he knows well enough not to ask. Hannibal, like all serial killers, was predictably unpredictable. But at the same time, he's not. He was always playing games, toying with people within his grasp. Will knows on some level this -partnership?- between them was another game for Hannibal. The goal of it, Will, has yet to

figure out. So Will just nodded and asked if he needed to take anything. Hannibal shook his head, explaining that everything was already prepared for their arrival.

Will hummed and nodded before asking Hannibal about one of the papers the former psychiatrist has written.

Will stared out of the window of the impressive flat Hannibal owned in Britain. They have been here for two weeks, and it's been raining the entire time. The rain clouds were beautiful, and it was interesting to see how British people acted in the weather. They seem pretty used to it, and the children would happily splash in the puddles making Will smile.

Unlike in Cuba, Will didn't go outside since they were in a more populated area. When he wants fresh air, he'll open the window and breath in the smoky air ripe with rain. It was different than the scents back in America, and Will liked this one a bit better. Sure he misses the woody smell of the woods, but he knows he may never go back. And even if he does, Will wouldn't feel as welcomed.

Turning his head towards the door, Hannibal walked in, shaking off the umbrella he used, and took the hood off his head. It was close to three in the morning. Will woke up around midnight when he felt Hannibal's presence disappear from the room. Will knows what he's out doing, but he isn't scared. No. Quite the opposite. He's *worried.* Not about the citizens of Britain but Hannibal.

Will knows there isn't a way to stop Hannibal from going out to kill. It's built into his body. Stopping it is like telling a dog not to bark. It might be fine for a few months before it ends in dire consequences. Hannibal can eat regular meat, he has fixed it a few times for Will, but it will never curve his human flesh desire. Will can't precisely *understand* that, but he gets it. Whatever happened to Hannibal to begin this diet must have been tragic, and Will wanted to find out. Will has read every file, paper, and book about Hannibal the Cannibal to see what started up the beast. But nowhere he could find it meaning; Hannibal never told the reason. There are theories, but none of them even sounds remotely correct.

But Will wishes there was a way to convince Hannibal to at least slowdown. Based on the amount of meat, both human and animal, Hannibal just returned from his second kill. On past investigation, Hannibal Lecter killed in sounders of three. Will can guess that Hannibal killed at least two people during their time in Cuba, meaning he didn't complete the sounder. A small way to throw the FBI off. Smart but reckless. Will guess that Hannibal at least deserves it. He was imprisoned for three years. There aren't moments where you can attack and still be a model prisoner. Hannibal must have been *pissed.* You can take the predator out of the field, but you can never take its instinct.

Will watched as Hannibal took off his coat and placed it on the hook near the front door. On his arm was a business bag that Will thinks probably house Hannibal's clothes to murder in. Hannibal was currently wearing a three-piece black suit; red weaved within it. His tie was a light red paisley tie that should not look good on anyone, yet Hannibal makes it work. He looked like a regular businessman who just left his job for the day. The umbrella and hood would be able to obscure his face.

Hannibal turned around, and his eyes zeroed in on Will. He smiled, showing his sharp teeth, and said, “Hello, my dear Will.”

Will turned on the window seat and leaned his back against the cool glass. “Good morning Hannibal,” he glanced down at the business bag then back up. “Rough day?”

Hannibal’s eyes crinkled in the corner. “It was rather pleasant. The client today was compliant.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “I wasn’t aware you were into that.”

Hannibal shrugged a shoulder as he locked the door and walked further in. The only light was the lamp in the corner of the room; it cast a shadow over Hannibal making his eyes gleam. Will saw antlers protruding from Hannibal’s head, the tips dripping with blood.

“Usually, I am not, but I had something to look forward to coming home. So I welcome the change,” purred Hannibal.

Will felt his face flush, but he rolled his eyes. “You make me feel like a housewife.”

“Where I am the one doing the cooking and cleaning,” replied Hannibal, setting the bag down before walking down the hallway to a closet.

Will let a short laugh. “You like being doting, don’t lie.”

Hannibal hummed and came back with a bucket and hydrogen peroxide. “I shall not complain. Only if you say, you enjoy being doted on.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “Fine. I enjoy being doted on.”

“And I enjoy doting on you,” smiled Hannibal softly before setting up his station.

Will huffed with a small smile on his face. Getting off the window seat, he walked closer to Hannibal as he began putting on his gloves to start getting the bloodstains off the clothes. “How did you do it before?” questioned Will.

Hannibal glanced at him before picking up the hydrogen peroxide. “How did I do what?”

“Don’t play dense; it’s not flattering,” said Will. “How did you keep your clothes clean? I know you didn’t do this every time.”

Hannibal chuckled a little. He picked up his first article of clothing, a shirt, and dipped it in the bucket. “You are correct. I had a plastic suit, custom-made I wore it over my clothes to keep them clean.”

“Wouldn’t you be squeaking all over the place?” asked Will. No wonder The Chesapeake Ripper never got caught. He had on a plastic suit!

“I was in the beginning, but I began practicing and finally had it down to where it wouldn’t make noise. Using that grace and being light on my feet, I was able to accomplish a lot,”

replied Hannibal.

Will made an impressed noise. “That explains a lot. I know you wore gloves. It’s quite obvious since there were no fingerprints, but what about your hair?”

Hannibal looked up with his eyes twinkling when he said, “Gel.”

Will let out a bark of laughter. “Now *that* explains everything.”

Hannibal let out a small chuckle as he laid the shirt out to dry and picked up the pants. “It does. What makes you ask?”

Will shrugged as he sat back against the couch. “I’ve always been interested, I guess. I needed to write a paper on a serial killer during my time in the academy, but none of the ones they suggested spoke out to me. Then I saw your name and knew I just had to write about you. Many of my teachers were hesitant about my choice, but I stuck to it. I read files on top of books about The Chesapeake Ripper. I even read a few of your things to try and figure out what made you, *you.* I think my paper was the reason Jack wanted me on his team.”

“And have you figured it out?” asked Hannibal peering at him.

Will turned to Hannibal and tilted his head. “There is more to you than you let others see.” He looked down at his lap and laced his fingers together as he admitted, “And I want to be someone you let see all of you.”

It was silent for a while before Hannibal muttered, “In due time, my dear.”

Will smiled a little before looking back up just in time for Hannibal to let the pants out to dry. Something has been tugging at his brain since the moment Hannibal said his name. Licking his lips, he decided to ask, “You know how I know about you... it’s your turn. Tell me how you found out about me.”

Hannibal looked at him as he sat on his hunches as he started, “As you may know, you are the talk in psychiatric circles.” Will nodded with a grimace. “Yes, it is rather revolting the way they see you—as a science experiment and not a fellow human. Anyway, I am sure you know who Frederick Chilton is, the head of BSHCI. During our “sessions,” he tended to bring your name up a lot. He seemed more focused on you than my “well-being” During my imprisonment with good behavior, I was allowed a laptop, parental control on it, and I was able to do my research on you. I became bewitched with you and was looking forward to meeting you. I knew it would be soon. Uncle Jack would have loved for us to meet.”

Will nodded. If things have worked out, Jack may have introduced Will to Hannibal to get his help to consult on a case. Jack’s personal pet serial killers working together. Will inwardly snorted at the thought. “So we were each other’s fan,” chuckled Will.

The right side of Hannibal’s lips quirked up. “It seems so,” he glanced out the window, “It is still dark outside. You should be getting to bed.”

As if on cue, Will yawned, causing both of them to chuckle lightly. Will stood up and padded back to the bedroom, hearing Hannibal clean up. Will slipped under the covers and watched as Hannibal walked in and headed to the bathroom to take a shower.

Will yawned again as he turned his back to the bathroom and looked at the curtains of the window. Will wasn't sure how long he was in his thoughts before Hannibal came back. Will knows Hannibal isn't going to go straight to sleep; the man didn't seem to need sleep. Turning his head, he watched as Hannibal sat against the headboard and cracked open a book. Blinking sleepily, he asked, "What are you reading?"

Hannibal looked at him before saying, "The Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka. It's a German book written in 1915. Original title is Die Verwandlung."

"You speak German?"

Hannibal nodded. "I speak several languages." Then he smiled slightly. "Maybe I can tell you later."

Will made a tiny noise of agreement. "Sounds like a plan. Can you uh...can you read to me? I haven't met anyone who speaks fluent German."

Hannibal just smiled and looked back at his book, and began reading. Will turned over to face the cannibal as he allowed his eyes to slip closed. Will can tell German was a language Hannibal learned before English since the words flow out his mouth in more earnest than English. The way his accent curls around each syllable was hypnotizing and lulled Will into a sense of security. Then a hand started carding through his hair, and Will let out a slight sound of content as he fell asleep.

His dreams were filled with soft dark clouds raining down on him. Next to him was the Ravenstag sheltering him from the cold drops. He was surrounded by warmth, security, and love.

Chapter End Notes

I really enjoyed writing this one. Tell me your thoughts, I love to hear them!

PS. I know jack shit about Britain so sorry if I offended anyone.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

> Another update? I am on a roll, you guys! So I have written the rest of the story, minus the last chapter, but I am keeping my updating schedule the same. Ish. Anyone the last two chapters take place in the same country, just a heads up. I kind of played with Hannibal's backstory in this but it is relatively the same. I am not a romantic person you guys and I don't pretend that I am. I just do what I do. But I hope you do like the approach I took with this chapter. Translations at the bottom! (I used Google Translate don't judge me!)
>
> All the mistakes are mines.
>
> Please enjoy chapter seven of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will blinked at the smiling man. “You want to take me where? And I have to wear what?”

Four days ago, after a four-week stay in Britain, they arrived in France. During those weeks, Hannibal would read to him before going to sleep in either German or English. Hannibal ended up killing four people; the fourth Will is sure was their downstairs neighbor. Will can’t deny the attraction he feels to Hannibal. It has been growing ever since that morning at the hotel in South Carolina. Will has always been fascinated by The Ripper, and he’s sort of upset that he never got to see killing in person. All he had to rely on were pictures, and even then, they couldn’t capture the essence of *Hannibal Lecter.*

People might call him insane for that thought, but Will never claimed to be sane.

Will can admit that being around the cannibal brings up some urges he has been suppressing for years. That itself is not exactly bad, but it isn’t good either. Will prided himself on being in control of his emotions when it needed to be done. He does it during conversations and at crime scenes. It wouldn’t help his career if he called a murder beautiful. People already think he deserves to be in an asylum—no need to give them fire to make it happen.

So yes, Will can accept his growing feeling for Hannibal and the darkness that is crawling out.

What he can’t accept is having to wear a *suit.*

Hannibal smiled at him and held up the suit in question. It wasn’t a three-piece one- thank god- but it was rather expensive looking. It was a dark shade of purple, looking close to black that Will knows will make his eyes pop. The shirt was plain white, and the tie was black. The

shoes, which were sitting in a box, were freshly polished. All in all, it was a gorgeous outfit, Will can't believe Hannibal wants *him* to wear it.

"I have made a reservation for us at the Eiffel Tower for a private dinner. You must wear a suit to blend in with the crowd. The flannel shirts and jeans I supply you with will just not do," said Hannibal. That damn smile still on his face.

Will's eyebrows furrowed as he asked, "How the fuck did you get reservations?"

"Language Will," chastised Hannibal, "And I just called and put my name in. That is what one tends to do when making a reservation."

"I know how reservations work," scowled Will. "But you can't just call and say, "Hello, yes, I would like to make a reservation. The name? Oh, Hannibal. Yes, the cannibal.""

Hannibal's nose scrunched up a little, "I would never. I used one of my aliases. Richard Du Bellay and his American friend Christopher Taylor."

Will raised an eyebrow and blinked slowly. "His American friend?"

"Would you rather I say American husband?" grinned Hannibal.

Will glared at the cannibal with pink dusting his cheeks. Hannibal's grin turned smug as he placed the suit in Will's arms. "Dinner begins at seven, so we will leave around six-thirty. I would like you freshly bathed, shaved, and wearing this suit by that time. Got it?"

Will rolled his eyes. "Anything to please," he said, sickeningly sweet.

Hannibal, who is used to his sarcasm, just smiled and said, "Until then, mon cher." He turned on his heel and walked into the spare bedroom that held his clothes.

Will stuck his tongue out at his retreating figure before practically running into the bedroom, redness dancing on his cheeks.

Will rubbed his hand over his naked jaw. It's been a while since he shaved everything off, and based on the looks he is getting, he knows he looks good. But it's unnerving. The moment he shaved off his scruff, Will looked in the mirror and mentally groaned. He looked younger, at least by ten years. Instead of thirty-two, he looked twenty-two. Paired with the expensive suit that matches Hannibal's paisley tie and pocket square, Will can just guess what everyone is thinking. And Hannibal's smug smile says he knows exactly what they look like to the French population. Will wanted to slap it off. Or kiss it at this point.

The maître d' led them further up away from the general crowd and to a table that overlooked Paris. Will could feel the romantic atmosphere paired with the drifting feelings of everyone they passed. Will sat down in the chair and watched as Hannibal quickly conversed with the woman before sitting in front of him.

"So I can put French on the list along with German and English. What other languages do you speak?" questioned Will.

Hannibal folded the napkin in his lap as he said, “Along with those I know Spanish, Swedish, Italian, Danish, Latin, a touch of Russian, and my mother language, Lithuanian.”

Will leaned back, impressed. “A man of culture, I see. Say something in Lithuanian.”

Hannibal tilted his head. “Tavo akys spindi kaip safyrai mėnulio šviesoje mano mylimasis.”

“I have no idea what you said, but I just know it was a compliment,” grumbled Will with a smile.

“Caught me,” responded Hannibal with a smile. “What about you?”

Will made a so-so motion just as a waiter came and poured them some wine. Will waited until the man left before responding, “Not really. I mean, I know a bit of French, but it’s the version I grew up with.”

Hannibal picked up his wine glass and swirled the wine taking in the aroma before sipping it. “And where did you grow up.”

Will copied what Hannibal did, and the burst of the fruit flavor made him close his eyes to savor it. Opening them back up, he said, “I’m surprised you haven’t come across it, but not many know. I grew up in Louisiana. Their french dialect is different from here. They cuss a lot more than the French.”

Hannibal chuckled heartily. “I would imagine. I have never been to Louisiana. Did you enjoy it?”

Will snorted a little and took a more extensive than necessary gulp of wine. If he would make it through this type of conversation, he’d need to be slightly wasted. “Did I enjoy it? No. No, I did not, Doctor.”

Hannibal tilted his head to his side and stayed silent as a waiter brought over their first course. It was toasted topped with what looks like sour cream. Will isn’t quite sure, but when he picks one up, it is delicious. As he chewed on that, Hannibal asked, “Why is that?”

Will swallowed the piece in his mouth before he said, “I had a rough childhood. My mother left my father and me when I was younger. For a while, we stayed in Louisiana, but we were quite poor, meaning we had to constantly move. My dad would find odd jobs here and there fixing boats or anything he could get his hands on. It wasn’t bad per se. My dad loved me and always managed to put a roof over my head and food in my stomach, but we were still distant. He could never understand me, and I couldn’t find out a way to get him to. We fished together, and sometimes he’ll teach me how to fix a boat, and that was our father-son bonding. It was hard, but we managed.”

Will popped another piece of whatever he’s eating in his mouth as he digested the words coming out of his mouth. He was still leaving things out, but he got the gist of it. Will just never told anyone about his past. All anyone knew was he was from the South and started working in New Orleans. And that’s all anyone needed to know.

Hannibal licked his lips, getting rid of the cream as he said, “I am honored you told me that. I take it that is not something you normally share. I can understand the family dynamic. While I loved my parents, I loved my sister a bit more.”

Will looked up in surprise. Will wasn’t aware that the man had a sister. Whenever you look at the Lecter family, you don’t find much since it’s an old bloodline. There is enough history, but not much of anything portraying Hannibal’s immediate family. Just that Hannibal has taken over the name of Count Lecter. “I didn’t know you had a sister. What’s her name?”

There was a shine of sadness in Hannibal’s eyes as he said, “Her name was Mischa.”

Their next course was soon brought out as Will said, “What a beautiful name. I’m sorry for your loss.”

Hannibal nodded as he stirred his soup. “Thank you. She was a radiant child. Full of smiles and innocence.”

Will nodded as he began eating. It was silent as they ate their second course. It gave Will timed to process and Hannibal time to get some of his feelings back under wrap. The next course, which consisted of salmon and seasonal vegetables on two different plates, arrived. The waiter refilled their glasses before bowing and walking away. Will picked up a vegetable as he dared to ask, “What happened to her?”

Hannibal was prepared for this question as he cut his salmon. “There was a group who still practiced Nazis views and was terrorizing the Baltic states. They were not only targeting Jews but anyone in power. That includes Counts. They broke into Lecter Castle but were altered before they entered the premises. My mother ushered my sister and me to the back garden, the easiest way to escape. My sister and I ran for months. One day we were captured by a group; the leader was an old friend of sorts. They starved us, kept us chained in the basement.” Hannibal paused. His eyes were glistening, fighting back the tears and decades of anger resurfacing.

Will reached out and clasped Hannibal’s hand that was gripping the fork. Hannibal gave a small grateful smile before placing a piece of fish and vegetable in his mouth. After swallowing, he continued, “A few months later, they came down, filling the area with drunken laughter. They slurred something in German before tying me down. I watched as they took my sister and murdered her right in front of me. Her cries echoed through the cellar. I couldn’t do anything but watched as they slaughtered her before putting her in a stew. They fed me her remains before letting me out. I was later found by a nun and taken to an orphanage. I was soon taken in by my uncle and aunt.”

Will’s eyes widened throughout the story. He wanted to throw up but swallowed it back. He thought he had a hard life, but Hannibal’s was so much worse. He watched his sister die before being forced to eat her pieces. Will felt tears slipping down his cheek, and he knew not only was his sadness affecting him but the one blooming from Hannibal. A rough hand cupped his cheek, and watery blue eyes looked at Hannibal.

Hannibal thumbed away a tear as he asked softly, “Why are you crying mylimasis.”

“It’s just,” hiccuped Will. “I’m so sorry, Hannibal. Nobody deserves to go through that. No wonder you are who you are.”

Hannibal used his napkin to dab away at Will’s wet cheeks. “It is quite heartbreaking, yes. I haven’t spoken about that period of my life in some time. But it felt good to let it out. Indeed it made me who I am today, but I do not allow it to hold me back. I miss my Mischa very much, but I know that I can’t bring her back no matter what I do. She will always be a part of me, and I’m forever grateful for that in the least.”

Will hiccuped again and nodded. Licking his salty lips, he asked, “What happened to the men?”

Hannibal’s smile was soft, but his eyes were lit with darkness. Will felt a shiver of pleasure go down his spine at the look. “Once I was old enough and more in control of my emotions, I found them and murdered them. Ate their organs in front of their dying faces.”

“Did they taste good?” questioned Will with a smile.

Hannibal let out a short left and said, “It was awful. But the justice was delectable.”

Will chuckled and nodded, sitting back against his seat. Letting out a quiet breath, he said, “I don’t think I told you about the time I fell into the ocean and thought I saw a mermaid.”

Hannibal’s eyes still held darkness and a pinch of sadness, but it also held mirth. There was thankfulness in his eyes to let Will know he appreciates the change of conversation. “I don’t think I have. Do tell.”

After their seven courses dinner, where they swapped stories, Hannibal’s funniest told about the time he got caught tangled up in a fabric store with his aunt. They left the tower and began walking just to burn some calories.

“I don’t think I can eat again for months,” groaned Will leaning his head against Hannibal’s shoulder.

Hannibal let out a small laugh. “That is a bit of an exaggeration, don’t you think?”

“Nope. I feel bloated,” complained Will. “You might have to carry me.”

Hannibal looked down at him, amused. “So now I’m allowed to carry you.”

Will looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Only if I give you permission. I will not forgive you for that moment at the airport.”

Hannibal faked discontent as he said, “What a pity. I rather enjoy surprising you.”

“No surprises.”

Hannibal hummed. “How about no more surprises after this?”

Will looked at him cautiously. “What did you do? No, what did you *buy?”*

Hannibal stopped under a cherry blossom tree illuminated by the moonlight. Stepping away from Will, Hannibal pulled out a box and handed it over. Will raised an eyebrow before taking it and opening it up. Inside was a thin silver chain with an outline of a dog, studded in diamonds hanging from the bottom. Giving Hannibal a look, he said, “You did not.”

“Of course I did,” smiled Hannibal. Tilting his head, he said, “Turn the dog over.”

Will picked the necklace out and turned it over. There was an inscription that said, *‘Savo mylimajai esu atsidavęs tau.’* Will looked at Hannibal and asked, “What does it say?”

Hannibal took the necklace and directed Will to turn around. He placed the chain around his neck and began clasping it as he said, “To my beloved, I am devoted to you.” His hand lingered on the back of his neck before turning Will back around.

Will fiddled with the dog as the diamonds shined in the light. With a smile, he croaked out, “Thank you.”

Hannibal tilted his hand up with a finger under his chin. “No,” started Hannibal. “Thank *you*.” Pulling Will closer, he connected their lips.

Will gasped before closing his eyes and kissing the killer back, his hands grabbing the lapel of Hannibal’s stupidly tailored suit. Will knows this is a bad idea. Hannibal should not be the man for him. He is more sophisticated and knows what he wants in life. He walks around like he owns everything—the complete opposite of Will. But at the same time, Hannibal is the only man for him. The only one who sees Will as Will. Not a charity case, not a science experiment, but as Will Graham. The tired FBI profiler who has a thing for darkness.

Will pulled back with another gasp as he leaned his head against Hannibal’s collared bone. The cannibal’s hands were gripping possessively at his hips. Licking his lips, Will can taste the chocolate from their dessert along with something uniquely Hannibal. It was addicted. Pulling back, he looked at Hannibal and said, “Teach me.”

Hannibal’s eyes lit up before a smirk appeared on his face. He pulled Will back into a kiss and whispered against his lips, “*Anything.*”

Chapter End Notes

Translation:

Mon cher (my dear)

Tavo akys spindi kaip safyrai mėnulio šviesoje mano mylimasis. (Your eyes shine like sapphires in the moonlight of my beloved.)

Mylimasis (beloved)

Savo mylimajai esu atsidavęs tau. (To my beloved, I am devoted to you.)

I really hoped you guys enjoyed that chapter. It was a moment you were already for I know. Continue to read and I hope everyone has a wonderful day or night!

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

> Hello, my wonderful reader. Yet again I played with Hannibal's backstory but that's okay. Cause like...what writer doesn't? About that squeal...I would love to hear if you guys have any idea cause I had one but then it didn't work out the way I wanted to. So if you have any idea I would love to hear them!
>
> All mistakes are mines.
>
> Please enjoy chapter eight of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You never told me why you were excited to come to Italy,” said Will with his head tilted towards Hannibal.

Hannibal looked away from his drawing book and raised an eyebrow. “I never said I was excited.”

They only stayed one more week in France after they kissed. Surprisingly, Hannibal hasn’t killed anyone during their stay in Paris. Wil would have loved to stay longer, but Hannibal promised he’ll bring them back once everything settles. Will isn’t sure how Hannibal is keeping track of his investigation. Will sees him on the phone sometimes, meaning Chiyoh is probably watching the investigation and reporting to Hannibal. They haven’t been on the news, meaning they aren’t looking for Hannibal internationally yet. Will knows Jack is hoping that Hannibal has died in a ditch somewhere.

Hannibal told Will they’ll be staying in Italy a bit longer than the other countries. A month or so, he predicts. They have been here for a week, and Will knows Hannibal has killed one person so far. The reason being is Will helped him. Did he see how Hannibal killed? He didn’t, but he desperately wished he did. But he knows who it is. Will might not stop Hannibal from killing, but he learned that he has more control over Hannibal than he thought. Will’s only condition when he agreed to be Hannibal’s accomplice is if Will can pick out the victims. With his empathy, he can pinpoint an obscene person and not just someone who pissed Hannibal off by taking the bottle of wine he wanted.

Hannibal’s first victim was a man who was somewhat homophobic to them during their first shopping trip. Will isn’t sure what Hannibal did with the man, but he came home with a sadistic grin and pulled Will in a deep kiss. Will knew the reason Hannibal didn’t want him to help with the killing and cleaning up. And he respects that. But he does participate in preparing their meals. That’s the least he can do, and it is pretty fun being Hannibal’s sous chef in the kitchen.

They were currently lying in the bedroom of Hannibal's villa during the mid-afternoon. Will was able to convince Hannibal to stay inside for today since they will be here for at least a month. Hannibal was sitting against the headboard in his silk pajama pants and a drawing book in his lap. Will was lying down next to him in his t-shirt and boxers.

Will raised an eyebrow back. "You don't have to say it for me to know. Empathy, remember."

Hannibal chuckled and said, "I could never forget that beautiful gift."

"Good. Now, why were you excited to come here?"

Hannibal closed the drawing book as he slipped down in the covers to face Will. He propped his head up with his hand as he said, "Italy was the country where I became a man."

Will smiled curiously. "Go on."

Hannibal chuckled again as he turned on his back. Will scooted over and laid against Hannibal's side, throwing a leg over the older man. Hannibal's arm came around him, and he started playing with his curls. "To begin, shortly after my uncle's death, my aunt, Lady Murasaki, and I moved to Paris. Whenever I wasn't in school, we would frequently travel to Italy. Things between us became complicated as I grew older, and we eventually drifted apart. I stayed in Italy and took in all the culture and cuisine. Italy changed my life and the way I presented myself to the world. My aunt played a major part in my transformation as well, but Italy is what completed it. This country feels more like a home than my home country."

Will hummed and wondered if Hannibal had ever killed in Italy. "Do you ever miss it?" he asked.

"Miss what?" questioned Hannibal peering down at Will.

Will laid his chin on Hannibal's stomach as he started into maroon eyes. "Lithuania. Do you ever want to go back?"

Hannibal licked his lips as the hand in Will's head moved down to his neck. "I have never thought of returning home. Too many bad memories."

"But wouldn't you like closure?"

Hannibal looked up at the ceiling. "I would. But I am not sure I would be able to bear being back."

Will nodded in understanding before saying, "I get it. A place that was once a haven for you is now covered with cobwebs of the past. You want to knock them down, but then you'll just get tangled back up in them."

The cannibal smiled softly and said, "Precisely."

"Is this why you're so into drawing?" questioned Will.

Hannibal hummed. “I was into drawing during my youth. But the brilliance of Italian artists heightened my slight obsession.”

Will let a teasing smile appear on his face. “Is that why you compared me to a Renaissance painting?”

Hannibal let out a small chuckle. “One of the reasons, yes.” He brushed a curl from Will’s eyes and cupped his cheek. “You’re a modern-day Botticelli painting. The Gods would cower in your presence.”

Will grinned as he nuzzled Hannibal’s palm, hoping to fight off the blush that threatens to cover his face. “You are just a natural charmer, aren’t you.”

“I do try,” said Hannibal, pulling Will up for a kiss.

Will happily kissed the man back. Will has become addicted to the taste of Hannibal. He was correct in his earlier assessment. Hannibal indeed tastes like copper, but he also tasted like red wine and chocolate truffles. An odd combination, but Will *loves it.*

He let out a small yelp when he was moved onto his back, and Hannibal hovers over him with a self-satisfied grin. Will huffed as he tangled his fingers in the older man’s hair. “You just love doing that, don’t you.”

“It is my favorite pastime,” admitted Hannibal.

Will rolled his eyes before pulling Hannibal back down. He let out a squeak, which he would totally deny later on when Hannibal grabbed his thigh and pulled him closer. Will broke away from the second kiss, pupils blown with pleasure. “Someone is excited.”

Hannibal nuzzled his neck and kissed his jaw before purring, “Let me show you how much you excite me, mylimasis.”

Will tilted his head back and dug his nails into Hannibal’s shoulders. That was answer enough.

A month later, Will was walking in a museum taking in the art. Hannibal had taken him there earlier and sat down in front of Botticelli’s Primavera. Will watched as Hannibal started sketching part of the painting. Hannibal brought him back every day, and Will couldn’t stop the smile as he watched Hannibal’s eyes light up every time they entered the Uffizi Gallery. Will can see that Hannibal was trying to replace some of his boyhood at the place with happier memories. Will is just glad to be a part of it.

Will was able to detach himself from Hannibal’s side and decided to explore the museum. He does enjoy Hannibal’s company, but the man was talking on the phone with Chiyoh more often than not, and Will was getting anxious. Was Jack getting close? Was the investigation stopping? What was happening? And to get rid of that feeling, Will decided to go out by himself. He, of course, let Hannibal know, not wanting the man to fret, and left the villa with a parting kiss before taking a taxi halfway from the house.

Will walked into the area with the painting and noticed a man standing off to the side studying another painting. Shrugging it off, Will sat in front of the Botticelli painting. After a couple of minutes of staring and thinking, Will felt a presence beside him and looked out the corner of his eyes to see the man standing in before the other painting. Will ignored him once more before he spoke up.

“Beautiful isn’t?” said the man.

Will jaw ticked. He hated forced conversation. Nodding, he put a pleasant look on his face. “It is.”

“Fan on Botticelli?” questioned the man.

Will shrugged. “I wouldn’t call myself a fan. I acknowledge the beauty and dedication he puts into his work like every artist.”

The other man nodded as he looked back at the painting. Will could feel uneasiness coming off the man, and Will was suddenly on high alert. Something wasn’t right. Will looked at the man under his lashes. “I don’t think I caught your name.”

The man gave him a smile and held out his hand, “Rinaldo Pazzi.”

Will didn’t want to shake the man’s hand, but he didn’t want to be rude. Happy that he was wearing the gloves Hannibal gifted him, he took the man’s hand. “Thomas Pain.”

“Like the American Founding Father?”

Will hummed. “Yes. The only difference is he spells it with an ‘e’ and the end. People always get us confused,” Will cracked a smile.

Pazzi let out a small laugh. “I can imagine.”

Will noticed a shine of gold and tensed before relaxing. Pulling his hand away, he asked, “What brings you to the Uffizi Gallery, Rinaldo?”

“Like everyone, I assume. Taking a break from a hard day to immerse yourselves in the refinement of Italy,” replied Pazzi. He was looking at the painting, but Will knows what he is actually searching for.

Will nodded and licked him. “It is good to indulge ourselves.” Pazzi’s eyes snapped towards him, and Will cursed inside his head.

Pazzi studied him before nodding. “It is.” Checking his watch, he stood up and stretched. “Well, this was a fun talk, Mr. Pain. If you ever need anything, just call me.” He took a card out of his pocket and handed it over to Will.

Will gave him a smile as he toyed with the edges of the card. “Of course. Have a good day, Mr. Pazzi.”

Pazzi nodded and gave him a brief smile before turning away and walking out. Will stayed for one more hour before briskly walking out of the museum.

When Will got home, he shut the door and headed to the kitchen without taking off his jacket. Hannibal was standing at the counter chopping vegetable. His blood-red shirt was rolled up to his elbows, and an apron around his waist. He looked up with a smile. “Hello, dear Will. How was your trip?” he greeted.

“Eventful,” started Will. He placed the card on the table and slid it next to the chopping board. “I met a man.”

Hannibal looked at him curiously before taking the card and reading the name. Hannibal didn’t outwardly show his reaction, but Hannibal’s eyes were gleaming with murderous rage. “And what did Mr. Pazzi says to you?”

“Only to call him if I needed anything,” said Will, gripping the counter. He licked his lips. “I know he’s an Officer, but he clearly knows who I am. And he knows you. If I had to guess, he has been following us during our trips at the gallery.”

Hannibal placed the card back down. “He’s an old friend.”

Will looked at him with a tilted head. “Will you be paying him a visit?”

Hannibal hummed. “It’s dangerous, but I don’t want to risk him telling anyone anything. I know the way he works. He won’t say anything until he has all the facts, so tonight might be sufficient. Afterward, we must move to our next destination.”

Will nodded. “What about the investigation?” asked Will, hoping to get some answers.

Hannibal smiled lightly. “It seems that people are losing interest in Uncle Jack’s motivation to capture me. This move shall be our last place.”

Will let out a silent breath of relief. He moved across the counter and allowed Hannibal to pull him close. Looking into Hannibal’s eyes, he asked, “Where are we going next?”

“Spain,” muttered Hannibal against Will’s lips. “Then finally, we’ll be free.”

Will smiled and wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s shoulder, pulling him into a passionate kiss. Finally, they could be together without worrying about being caught.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me your thoughts. I love constructive criticism.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

> One more chapter after this you guys! I really enjoyed this one and you'll see why. I'm posting this in the middle of my math class lol.
>
> All mistakes are mine
>
> Please enjoy chapter nine of Polar Opposites.

Will stepped out onto the balcony and took in a deep breath. The house in Spain was luckily on a private beach. They were at least two hours away from their nearest neighbor. Hannibal had a shed built at the back of the house and surprised Will, who gave up in telling Hannibal to stop with a boat. Will showed his gratitude in a way that made Hannibal revert back to Lithuanian. Just last week, Will took it out into the ocean after dragging Hannibal on board. Will then processed to teach Hannibal how to fish. He enjoyed the brightens that appeared on the older man's face when he caught his first fish.

After Hannibal murder Pazzi in his home and raided the place, erasing any mention of Hannibal or Will, Hannibal took him to a private airfield where they boarded a plane yet again flown by Chiyoh. Will was filled with relief when Chiyoh told them both what was happening in America. Apparently, they made The Chesapeake Ripper escaping a cold case and just proclaimed Hannibal and Will dead. A double funeral was held, surprisingly people came to pay Hannibal respect. Will snorted that it was fans that were hoping to marry a serial killer. Chiyoh cracked a smile while Hannibal scrunched his nose in displeasure.

Will enjoyed reading over the files Chiyoh somehow made copies of and what transitioned during the time of his departure. Will smiled sadly when he realized Alana took in his dogs. He does miss them, but he's happy they found a home where they will be well taken care of. Will isn't sure how Chiyoh got the pictures and information, but he never questioned it. The woman was a mystery, and Will doesn't want to find out. She looks like she would throw him off a train if he even betrayed Hannibal. Not that he wants to, but it is good to know that Hannibal has someone loyal to him.

Will didn't turn his head as he heard the sliding door opens. But he did lean against the broad chest when strong arms wrapped around him. Turning his head, he accepted the kiss Hannibal gave him and smiled at the strong taste of blood. Pulling away, he asked teasingly, "Did you have a little snack during your kill?"

Hannibal huffed out a laugh as he nuzzled under Will's ear. "It is hard to resist at times."

Will chuckled a little as he stared back out at sea. The stars were coming out, making the gentle waves twinkle. “I see. Bring anything back?”

“Besides my trophies? I don’t think so,” said Hannibal.

Will rolled his eyes and said, “I think I’m rubbing off on you.”

“Whatever do you mean, my dear Will?”

“Stop being a sassy cannibal.”

Hannibal chuckled before pulling away, grabbing Will’s hand. “Come. Your surprise is in the living room.”

Will raised an eyebrow before following Hannibal off of the balcony, the bedroom, and finally downstairs. Once they reached the living room, Will couldn’t stop the sound of delight that escaped him. Rushing towards the pillow, he sat down as two puppies, a Great Dane and a Labrador Retriever, wobbled over to him with tiny barks. Will picked up the Dane and looked at Hannibal. “How,” was all he was able to get out.

Hannibal kneeled on the carper and lightly petted the Labrador. “My latest had the Great Dane, and I couldn’t leave the little fella by himself. On my way back home, our neighbor’s dog, a sweet old couple, had puppies and gave them away for free. That’s how I got the Labrador Retriever. I remember that promise I made you earlier, and I always keep my promises.”

Will held the puppy to his chest as he grabbed Hannibal’s tie pulling him into a kiss. Before it got heated, he pulled back and said, “Thank you.”

Hannibal smiled and cupped his cheeks. “I did say I would do anything for you. Now, what shall we name our new housemates?”

Will looked the Great Dane in its eyes. It barked and laid a paw on his nose. It had dark brown eyes, and its coat was pure black. “Mads. I saw the name in one of your Danish books and found it quite interesting.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “You happen to love giving your dogs human names, don’t you?”

“I do,” grinned Will. He handed Mads over to Hannibal before picking up the Labrador Retriever. It had beautiful blue eyes and a dark brown coat. Humming, he tilted his head and said, “Hugh. He looks like one to me.”

“Should I be worried about your fascination with European names?”

Will rolled his eyes. “Like *Hannibal* is even better.”

Hannibal sniffed. “He was quite the general.”

“He died of a fever.”

“That is only speculation.”

Will gave him a deadpan look which Hannibal responded with a smile. Shaking his head, he picked up Mads and hugged both him and Hugh in his arms. He started to walk away while cooing, “Come on, Mads and Hugh. We will be sleeping in the bed while Daddy stays on the couch.”

Hannibal’s eyes widened. “Will don’t you *dare*.”

Will gave him a smirk and said, “Try me, General.”

“I still can’t believe you kicked me out of my own bed,” started Hannibal when Will wandered downstairs the following day.

The puppies were following him. They couldn’t walk properly, but they were trying their hardest. Will rolled his eyes at Hannibal as he took the offered coffee cup. “You were mean. It was only fair.”

Hannibal gave Will a blank look. “And where did the puppies sleep?”

Will hummed as if he was remembering. “Well, Hugh seemed to like the bottom of the bed while Mads made camp on your pillow.”

Hannibal looked slightly appalled as he looked down at the puppy in question. Mads started up at him with Hannibal can only guess is smugness. Shaking his head, he looked back towards Will and said, “I am starting to regret this.”

Will waved a hand around. “You will be fine. I know how to train dogs. That includes puppies. You won’t even know they are here.”

Hannibal gave him a disbelieving look before finishing breakfast.

“Mads, get back here!”

Hannibal paused in his walk when a black blur ran past him from the backdoor leaving behind a soapy trail. Will was soon running behind the blur, and Hannibal quickly stepped out of the way before walking outside. It’s been two weeks since he brought the puppies to Will, and he has to say Will is doing a marvelous job. Hugh and Mads seemed hooked on Will’s every word as he potty trained them and told them where to no go. The only difficulties were during the morning, at night, and what Will deemed “bath day.”

Hannibal walked out to the kiddy pool out back and saw Hugh sitting on a fluffy towel panting. He looked up when Hannibal came near and padded over to him. Hannibal wrinkled his nose when the scent of wet dogs reached his olfactory senses but patted the Labrador on the head. Out of the two dogs, Hugh was the more sensible one, actually obeying every command. Hannibal prefers him over Mads any day.

“Let’s get you inside,” said Hannibal. He grabbed the towel and wrapped Hugh in it carefully before heading inside.

Hugh gave a small bark, and Hannibal smiled down at him. Hannibal headed in the direction of furious barking and was surprised to find himself in the laundry room. Looking in, he saw Mads by the corner partially hidden behind a basket. Will was kneeling in front of it, trying to coak the puppy out with treats.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and asked, “Having trouble?”

“I am not in the mood for your condescending attitude right now,” said Will, not turning around.

Hannibal smirked lightly. “I’m going to take that as a yes.”

Will groaned and sat back. Looking at Hannibal, he whined. “Hannibal,” he drawled, accent extended to ‘a’. Will knows now that Hannibal can never resist his accent, and based on his pupils’ dilation, Will got him hooked. “Help me.”

Hannibal pursed his lip and tried to resist, but Will was using his puppy dog eyes. Hannibal let out a sigh as he handed Hugh over to Will, who scrambled up and took the dog wrapped in a towel. Squatting down in front of the basket, Hannibal held a hand out to Mads. The puppy narrowed his eyes distrustfully at Hannibal. “Come on now, Mads,” said Hannibal, making his voice a bit softer. He remembered using this voice with his little sister, and it was always practical. He hopes it works on puppies. “If you’re a good boy and finish your bath, I will give you your special treat.”

Mads’ ears perked up, and Hannibal knew he got him. It was a simple thing he created using leftover parts from his victims. Mads has taken a liking to the bite-size treats. The puppy looked at him as if studying his truthfulness before running out and colliding with Hannibal’s shirt. Hannibal let out a puff of air and grimace. His shirt was now ruined with a wet dog and drool. It will take forever to get the smell out. Holding the Dane in his arms, he stood up and looked at Will, who was watching him with amazement.

“You are a dog guru,” said Will.

Hannibal chuckled. “Just a small bit of manipulation, nothing more. Now let’s get Mads cleaned. I want to salvage this shirt. It was rather expensive.”

Will nodded happily before leading them back outside.

Later that evening, after dinner, Hannibal was sitting on the couch with Will curled in his side. There was a glass of whiskey in the younger man’s hand while the other petted Hugh, who was sitting in his lap. Mads, the over-hyper puppy that he is, was running around the table in the middle of the room. Hugh was staring at him as if wondering how the other puppy had so much energy after a tiring day.

Hannibal put his book down and snapped his fingers, making Mads stop and stare at him. Hannibal patted the spot next to him and watched as Mads zoomed in the couch direction. Hannibal leaned down without dislodging Will and picked the puppy up, setting him on his lap. He begins scratching behind Mads ears watching as the energy he once had settled.

Hugh looked at Hannibal gratefully before settling down fully.

Will chuckled and glanced up at Hannibal. “I stand by what I said. You are the dog guru.”

Hannibal smiled down at him and planted a kiss on his lips. “I learned from the best,” he responded.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

All mistakes are mine.

Please enjoy chapter ten of Polar Opposites.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Epilogue- Two Years Later

Hannibal woke up the feeling of a light kiss behind his ear. He opened his eyes and peered down at Will, who was watching him with sparkling blue eyes. “I didn’t want to wake you,” started Will, “But today is a special day.”

Hannibal hummed, the left side of his mouth quirking up. “Is it now?”

Will rolled his eyes as he moved to straddle the older man. “What have I told you about being like this?”

Hannibal shrugged, wrapping his arms around Will’s hips. “I’m not sure what you mean by that mylimasis.”

“You love getting on my nerves.”

“It is rather gratifying.”

Will rolled his eyes again and said, “It’s our anniversary, you sadistic people eater.”

“So I get lowered down to being a people eater?”

“Cannibals are people eaters.”

“Only if the person views the people as people. They are animals to me.”

Will deadpanned. “That’s not how it works, Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiled at him before rolling over placing Will on the bed. Will let out a burst of laughter before swatting at Hannibal’s retreating arm. Hannibal grabbed his hand and kissed each of the knuckles. “Go feed the dogs while I take a shower.”

Will grinned and sat up, kissing Hannibal’s cheek before getting out of bed. He tugged on one of Hannibal’s shirts and made his way downstairs, where he was greeted with two barking dogs. Will let out a laugh as the two dogs swarmed him as he headed to the backdoor. He let

them out into the yard before turning around to pour their food in their bowls. Once he was sure they finished their business, he called them back in to eat.

Mads arrived in a flurry of wagging tails, and Hugh followed behind in the same way, making Will laugh again. Will patted each dog's head before heading upstairs to take a shower. He walked into the bedroom to see Hannibal standing in front of the mirror, buttoning up his waistcoat. "Do you always have to wear a suit?" questioned Will walking into the bathroom.

Hannibal chuckled a little. "I do. Would you rather I went without it?"

"If you can stand around naked, that would be wonderful!" yelled Will over the sound of rushing water.

"I'll see what I can do next time," said Hannibal before heading out the room.

Hannibal headed down the stairs as he began rolling up his sleeves. For their first anniversary, he made, per Will's request, confetti pancakes. It was an interesting breakfast choice. Hannibal has never made anything so minor. It was a fun challenge and the joy radiating off of Will when he first tasted it will forever be imprinted in Hannibal's mind palace.

Hannibal hummed to himself as he thought of something to make. Will hasn't requested anything meaning everything is left up to him. Hannibal got to work with a small smile and a light pat on Mads and Hugh's heads.

Will ran his fingers through his wet curls as he padded down the stairs. He dries his hair to the best of his abilities, but his hair tends to soak up water like a sponge. Fixing the cashmere sweater Hannibal gifted him for Christmas, Will walked into the kitchen and smiled at the smell. He didn't spot Hannibal nor the dogs and made his way to the dining room.

Hannibal was inside, placing the last plates down as Mads and Hugh circled around him curiously. He looked up when the dining-room door opened and gave Will a smile. Will raised an eyebrow with a smile on his face. "I knew I should have given you a limit."

"There is never a limit to my madness," replied Hannibal. He pulled back Will's seat and gestures towards it.

Will took a seat and waited for Hannibal to push it in before asking, "What have you made?"

Hannibal went around the table and pointed out each dish. "For today, I have made soft-scrambled eggs with smoked sablefish and trout roe, blueberry breakfast parfaits, baked apple pancakes, your favorite smoked bacon, and turtle sausage. In patties and links. I also had time to make Mimosas'."

"You are quite proud of that last fact, aren't you?"

"You have no idea, my dear."

“You are so easy to convince,” chuckled Will.

“You used your skills against me,” said Hannibal, not quite pouting.

“You’re a sucker for kisses, don’t lie.”

“I am indeed.”

After a big breakfast, Will was able to convince Hannibal, with some well-placed kisses, to help him walk Hugh and Mads. Hannibal is never keen on the idea of walking out in the blistering sun with a dog tugging at his arms. Which is why he chose Hugh. Mads is not mad at the choice.

Will looked at Hannibal with a bit of a chuckle. “Why don’t you like Mads?”

“It’s not that I don’t dislike him. He is just uncontrollable for my taste. Yes, I am talking about you,” said Hannibal when Mads turned his head in his direction.

Hannibal swears that the dog just rolled his eyes at him. Will let out a small laugh as he said, “And I am sure he thinks you’re eccentric.”

“Are you conspiring against me with the dog?” asked Hannibal, a teasing tilt in his voice.

Will contemplated the idea. “If I was, Mads would want to include Hugh.”

All heads tired into said dog’s direction, and Hugh chose to ignore them all. “He is not joining your cult,” replied Hannibal.

“Cult?”

“You heard what I said.”

The rest of the day passed by calmly. Hannibal once again planned an extensive lunch and dinner that left Will feeling stuffed beyond comparison. After dinner, Hannibal directed Will into the study and didn’t have the heart to shoo Mads and Hugh out when they followed. The two dogs curled up in front of the roaring fireplace while Will sat on the couch.

Will grabbed the glass of wine Hannibal handed him and smiled. “Today was fun.”

“I am glad you enjoyed it,” responded Hannibal. He took a sip of his wine after his small ritual and placed the glass on his desk. “But it isn’t over yet.”

“Bought me a present now, have you?”

“What kind of man would I be if I didn’t?”

Will let out a huff of laughter before gesturing to Hannibal, too, begin. Will continue wearing the dog necklace Hannibal has gifted him along with the leather bracelet Hannibal presented

him with on their first anniversary. The younger man can't form an idea of what Hannibal has bought him now. He leaned against the couch's back as he watched Hannibal grab something out of his desk before walking over and sitting next to Will. He opened his clasped palm, and laying in his head was a velvet black ring box.

Will looked up at Hannibal and back down at the box. "Is this what I think it is?"

Hannibal tilted his head. "The only way to find out is to open it."

Will swallowed before grabbing the box and opening it. Inside, surrounded by red silk, a simple gold ring with tiny diamonds lining the middle around the ring. Will took the ring out and rolled the cool metal between his fingers, warming it up. "This is a huge risk, Hannibal."

"That it is," responded Hannibal. He took the ring and slid it on Will's finger. Clasping the hand in both of his, he looked Will in the eye. "But it's a risk I'm willing to take. I want you by my side Will. Legally and by our real names. Not the one we use for the public."

"To death do us part?" asked Will, blue eyes watering.

Hannibal shook his head. "Even if death were to part us, I know my soul will once again find yours."

Will chuckled wetly. "That was fucking cheesy, Hannibal."

Hannibal smiled as he cupped Will's cheek. "I know. What do you say?"

Will licked his lips, staring into the loving void that is Hannibal's eyes. Nodding, he said, "Of course I'll marry you, you freak."

Hannibal smiled and pulled him close, kissing him lovingly. Will held his wrist, kissing him back, the ring glowing in the firelight. Mads and Hugh looked at them before looking at each other and closed their eyes contently. As the fire died down, a new one grew brighter and taller than ever.

Chapter End Notes

And they lived happily ever after. Or did they?

That's the end, you guys! Just thank you to everyone who has left kudos, bookmarks, comments, hits, and subscribed. I love you all so so much. This story was so fun to write and I am glad that many people enjoyed it. If you would like a sequel of some sort let me know and if you have any ideas I'll love to know.

Come find me on my tumblr! Don't be afraid to dm me or even make requests <3

I repeat I love you all so much and thank you for reading Polar Opposites. Until we meet again.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!